

Professor Eddington declared the possibility that the ultimate constituent of matter might turn out to be not what we commonly regard as matter but consciousness—a truly astonishing statement for science.

In his book on *Science and the Unseen World*, he is more tentative in his approach. He is obviously a man of deep sincerity, a Quaker by religion, and he has been careful to avoid the very appearance of a hasty generalization. I will, however, quote a passage that has an effect of summary and goes very near to the essence of mysticism. He writes :

We have to build the spiritual world out of symbols taken from our own personality, as we build the scientific world out of the symbols of the mathematician. I think therefore we are not wrong in embodying the significance of the spiritual world to ourselves in the feeling of a personal relationship, for our whole approach to it is bound up with those aspects of consciousness in which personality is centred.

Another writer on these subjects of astronomy and atomic physics whose work is intelligible to the average man and woman, is Sir James Jeans. His recent book *The Universe Around Us* is immensely stimulating to the imagination and I have found in my own case that modern books of this kind serve an admirable purpose in relieving the mind from the pressure of common life and giving to it new and important values. Sir James Jeans does not come so near the heart of existence as Professor Eddington, but he has none of the pessimistic materialism that characterized such earlier exponents of science as Ernst Haeckel and his like. He concludes his book with the statement : "The main message of astronomy is one of hope to the race and of *responsibility to the individual*,"—and the phrase I have put in italics should be a fundamental principle of all true religions.

Except for a reference for Shaw's play *The Apple Cart*, I have said nothing of the drama in this article. Indeed, the London stage has come so deeply under the influence of various business exploiters that it has made hardly any advance in the past few years. There have been a few experiments with Strindberg, the Swedish dramatist, but neither in his plays nor in his books did Strindberg ever lift his eyes to the horizon. He could see intensely anything that came very near to him, but he could not relate it to the stream of life. The one, fine exception to the long list of comedies and musical plays that occupy the London theatres is provided by that highly successful piece *Journey's End*, the work of Mr. R. C. Sherriff. He has given us a view of a few lives during a few days in the Great War, and has done it with genius. The scene throughout the three acts is a "dug-out" in one of the British front lines in France just before a German attack, and there is no woman character in the play. But what Mr. Sherriff has done is to enter into the lives of the half-a-dozen or so men he sets before us and to record their speech and action with a naturalness that we almost forget to recognize as fine art. Above all, he has given us a picture of the horrors and brutality of war that will serve as an admirable object lesson to any of the younger genera-